THE LADY'S

# WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

VOL. VIII.] *Saturday, December* 31....1808. [NO. 10.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

THE

## *MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.*

(Concluded.)

IT happened fortunately for the execution of my plan, that my guardian, of himself, conceived the idea of declaring me of age, though I was not quite twenty. I came, in consequence, into the independent possession of a property that was not inconsiderable. Through the medium of an acquaintance, I found no difficulty in borrowing, upon the secur y of my estates, a sum sufficient to maintain me as long as I lived. This money I turned by degrees into bills of exchange. While I was silently transacting this business, I was not less secretly engaged in trying the fidelity of the only person on whom I thought I could venture to rely. This was an old servant of my father's, by birth a Swiss, the same who now performs the office of Porter at my gate, and would not change it for any more easy duty. I discovered that I could rely as firmly on his attachment, as on his secrecy. I easily brought him over to my interest, telling him that private reasons obliged me, unknown to my family or any other human creature, to make a journey alone into Switzerland, his native country. It never entered the head of any person in our house that I was preparing for flight. My friend still remained with us, and hoped, by his reiterated intreaties, to procure his release from what he termed the most unnatural and bootless of all vows. Instead of an answer, I gave him unbidden proofs of my affection. I was desirous of feeling, till the very last moment that he was mine.

"My faithful Swiss had contrived matters so well, that I could set off as soon as I pleased. I crept round the brink of the abyss which I had dug for myself, and when I had looked down it till I was dizzy, I clung to my friend, to keep myself from falling. At length the letters which I intended to leave behind were written, and the carriage was appointed for my flight. The letters contained falsehoods; but truth had forsaken me, when I had need of her assistance. I wished to persuade my friend and

my family that I had drowned myself in the Danube. By this delusion, I hoped to restore the lover of two mistresses to the object of his first affection, to whom, conformably with his oath, he would after my death, exclusively belong.

"It was a serene evening, in the month of August, I had not lost sight of my friend the whole day. For the first time, I made an appointment to meet him after supper in the park. He was transported with joy and surprise. My guardian was gone to town; and my brother, with an old aunt, formed the whole of the company besides ourselves. We separated as soon as we rose from table, my friend going, as he said, to take a turn in the park, while I went to my room. Here I found my old Swiss, to whom I delivered my jewel-box; some indispensible articles of dress, and such papers, books, music, and other things as I wished to take with me for keepsakes, had been removed at different times by the same faithful attendant. The greatest part of my property I carried in bills in my pocket. I then laid the letters which I had written to leave behind me, on my desk, and hastened down stairs into the garden, where my friend was waiting for me.

"I embraced him for the last time. Had he known why my tears trickled upon his cheeks, he would not have paid such ready obedience to my commands, when I bade him go, upon the pretext that we might not be seen to return together. I called after him "Adieu." He was coming back, but I beckoned to him to hasten to the house, and he disappeared.

"I ran down the terrace, threw my hat and pocket handkerchief on the bank of the Danube, and then hurried, breathless and half dead, to the spot where the coach ordered by my Swiss from Augsburg, was waiting for me. I got into it: the coachman, who knew nothing of my name and residence, drove along at a rapid rate. My lot was decided, and I was now in the hands of fate.

"I shall say nothing more concerning my feelings on this occasion. I staid at Augsburg one day, under an assumed name, and procured cash for some of my bills, in the name of a third fictitious person, to whom they would appear to have been paid away. My Swiss transacted all my business, so that I had no occasion to shew myself. At Augsburg, I took post horses, and proceeded with all possible expedition, first to Schaffhausen, and then through Switzerland to Geneva. Concealed by my black veil, I was no where recognized. At Geneva, I was told by a maid whom I had hired at Augsburg, the history of an unfortunate girl, who had thrown herself into the Rhine, out

of despair, because she had been forsaken by her lover, and had to her sorrow been saved from a watery grave. She was poor, but as I was informed, possessed a superior understanding, and polished manners. I succeeded in forming an acquaintance with the girl, and in her I made the acquisition of my Leonora. Through her I maintained so much connexion with the world, as was necessary for purchasing this old mansion, which just then happened to be offered for sale. For two years I have been buried in this sequestered spot; and would you believe, that during these two years, I have not made one single attempt to obtain any intelligence of my friend, for fear of defeating the object of my seclusion?

"My Swiss, who will not betray me, while I have him under my eye, might perhaps be of a different way of thinking, if he should again see any of my family. But I confess to you, that I can scarcely endure this state of uncertainty, which every day becomes more and more oppressive. I appear to myself like a ghost, stalking over the tombs of the departed, and only live in the hope that I shall soon be no more. Could I be persuaded that I had sacrificed myself like a romantic simpleton, without occasion or benefit, I should perhaps arrive earlier at the goal. But I cannot help thinking that there was something more than enthusiasm in what I said, and in what I suffered."

The recluse, fatigued with her narrative, sunk back in her chair. The stranger fell upon her neck, and both clasped each other in a cordial embrace.

"No," exclaimed the stranger, "you must no longer live in hope that you shall soon be no more! You must indulge more pleasing expectations: you will again be happy, and so shall I with you."

The recluse raised herself, and exclaimed with emotion, "You with me! Are then our destinies united?"

"Our hearts at least are," replied the stranger, "and our destinies have been governed by our hearts. All that can be interesting to you in my history, you shall be made acquainted with. But for important reasons, I should not wish to break off my narrative: and before I can bring it to a conclusion, I must have a letter, which I am in daily expectation of receiving. I have already given orders for it to be forwarded to this place. Will you permit me to remain with you till then."

"My friend," said the recluse, with an anxious look, and significant tone, "My friend, you know me at least by name. Confess only that you know me, and intend—but no, it cannot be—O, if you should be capable of betraying me

The stranger turned away from her. "If I deserved such a suspicion, you will do well to send me from your house this very day."

Fresh protestations of confidence and affection succeeded; but neither the recluse nor the stranger could conceal the uneasiness which they felt from that moment, whenever their eyes met each other. The stranger declared that the expected letter could not fail to arrive in a very few days, and the recluse was unable to comprehend why the mystery which this letter was to explain, could not be mentioned as such, before its arrival.

In this manner two days passed away. They were just going to sit down to dinner, when a message was sent in that a coach and four had stopped at the gate, and a strange gentleman requested to speak with the mistress of the house.

The recluse turned her eyes, flashing indignation towards the stranger. The latter sprang up, and triumphantly exclaimed, "It is he! it is he! my brother! open the gate immediately! I will conduct him in!"

"Not so fast," exclaimed the recluse, pale and trembling, and holding the stranger by the arm. "Have you a right to make this return for my hospitality?"

"Yes, that I have, a sacred and incontestable right. We are happy; you my friend, and I with you—I, your sister, whom you have saved! your Frederica."

The stranger had scarcely uttered these words, when the recluse sunk senseless into her arms. The whole house was thrown into consternation; the stranger sent once more, requesting to be admitted as soon as possible. Leonora, who had hastened to the room on the first alarm, ran with loud lamentations, to seek the means of recovering her mistress. The domestics refused to obey Frederica's orders, till the recluse had so far come to herself, as to be able to direct the gate to be opened for the stranger.

It was then Frederica, the same Frederica who had made so great a sacrifice in behalf of the recluse, who now supported her in her arms, when the stranger entered, and this stranger was no other than the oft mentioned friend of the mistress of the mansion.

The recluse, scarcely breathing in the arms of her friend, was unable to comprehend his meaning, and could hardly trust her half-recovered senses, when she heard him call Frederica sister. "How is it possible?" was her only question; which we shall proceed to answer, for the satisfaction of the reader.

The father of Belmont, for we shall call Theresa's friend, his family name cannot be m

rial to this history—had not, with all his pompous etiquette, been sufficiently master of himself to suppress an illicit passion for Frederica's mother.

His unhappy love was returned, and Frederica was undoubtedly his daughter. Her face alone, would have proved this, had not a resemblance, which at first occasioned much conversation, been explained away by her mother, as a family likeness; for Frederica's mother was the daughter of the great-aunt of the man whom Frederica so strongly resembled. Whether the public was satisfied with this genealogical elucidation, we cannot decide. Belmont's father had resolved to leave behind him in writing, at his death, that secret, which while living, he could never resolve to pronounce.

It was contained in the packet which he once delivered to his son, from whom, on his recovery, he had again received it.

Theresa's flight had, as every body but Theresa could have predicted, by no means answered the purpose she intended. It was but for a very short time that she was supposed to be dead. The statement of the merchant at Augsburgh, of whom she had procured cash for her bills of exchange, induced her friend to seek her among the living; but false reports led him about two years to places where she was not to be found. For the recovery of his impaired health, he had gone to the Hieve's islands, near Marseilles. Meanwhile, his father was attacked with a disease which proved fatal, and at his death bequeathed the important packet to Frederica. As soon as Frederica recovered from the surprise which this piece of intelligence excited, she set out in company with her mother, in quest of Belmont. From Bern, where her mother resolved to rest herself, she proceeded alone with the servants, who understood the French language, and assumed the name of Madame Friedberg, for fear Belmont should hear of her coming, and avoid her. When chance had united her with Theresa, she determined not to discover herself till her brother's arrival, lest the incredulous enthusiast should again tie the knot that was not unloosed; and besides, who would not wish in such cases, to confer the joy of surprise.

That, after Belmont's arrival, the retreat of his Theresa contained two happy mortals, who could scarcely have found their equals on the whole surface of the earth, is another of those facts which may be best described with a single stroke. Frederica's heart gradually ceased to bleed; she learned to bring her desires into subjection, to the command of nature. An ample gratuity requited the little hostess, whose officious kindness had accelerated the adjustment of so many disharmonies

At Lyons, Belmont received at the altar, the hand of his Theresa. Both continued a few months longer at the hermitage, and then returned to Germany, to enjoy those realities on which they had so long feasted in imagination.

---

Communicated for the Miscellany.

## *PULPIT ELOQUENCE.*

The following eloquent paragraphs are extracted from a Sermon of the Rev. Walter Blake Kirwin, Dean of Kildare, in Ireland. Dean Kirwin has long been esteemed the *Massillon* of Ireland, "the brightest gem in pulpit eloquence." It was a charity sermon, delivered in behalf of an institution established in the city of Dublin, denominated the "*Female Orphan Society.*"

ST LUKE, CHAP X. VER. 31, 32, 33

"*And by chance there came down a certain priest that way, and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side; and likewise a Levite, when he was at that place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side; but a certain Samaritan as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him, he had compassion on him.*"

OUR Saviour intimates by this example drawn from nature, that nothing is so truly grateful to the mind of our Divine Author, as that pure and extensive charity, which unrestrained by the principles of any order, unshackled by the prejudices of any sect or degree, views with commisserating feelings, the calamities of mankind, and has ever a sigh at hand for the sufferings of human nature. Kind and genial in its influence, and warm in its exertion, it never can unconcernedly behold a fellow creature in distress, nor suffer the object of compassion to pass unheeded. In the parable here presented, we behold the cautious priest the minister of God, an attendant of the altar, carefully averting his face from an object of distress, as if fearful of trusting to his rebellious feelings. The obdurate Levite in all the frost of the most congealed apathy, gaping on human pangs, presenting a dreadful view of unfeeling serenity, and insensible composure. The warm hearted Samaritan, harrowed through the soul at the sight of his fellow's sufferings, with the most tender and endearing officiousness, binding up his wounds, though a stranger to his religion, his country, and his creed. The wary hierarch regarding him as an exile from the pale of his church, and unworthy of sacred interference, turned his eyes from an object he deemed unworthy, then rejoiced that as an infidel, he had no claim on his mercy. The hardened Israelite, struck with surprise at such unusual misery, gazed on his sufferings in the petrified insensibility of a monumental statue, and having coolly contempated the pain of a fellow creature, with deliberate composure passed by. The generous hearted Syrian, though

blinded in the midst of pagan darknesss, and uninstructed by the precepts of the Divine Jesus, obeying the call of humanity, and yielding to the claims of nature, was struck with the most heartfelt throes at the sight of an expiring stranger, and drowning religious prejudice in the zeal of compassion, anxiously sought to alleviate his sufferings in all the tenderness of condoling sympathy.

At a time when the voice of religion is choaked in the din of contending factions, and mankind in the avidity with which they pursue the world, have almost forgotten the name of religion;—when the inferior orders of society, are laid prostrate in one universal change of brutality, and debasement, while the superior circles exhibit an unvaried system of depravity, and extravagance, the middle ranks in all the emulation of jealous rivalry endeavouring to excel them in their vicious profession; when the entire mass in the eagerness with which they pursue their object, have forgotten every other consideration both temporal and eternal; when we behold the rich unable longer to support their paternal property, bringing their estates to the hammer, and vending every thing that renders mankind, and human nature valuable; when we behold them (I say) abandon soul and body to the common sewer of corruption, while the poor, unrestrained by the dicipline of civilization, untutored by the precepts of religion, reared in ignorance of themselves, and of their duty, think alone of committing depredations on all the other orders of society, and cease only from mischief, when lulled by intoxication.

Are there not (nay I have known) crowds of characters thro' all the walks of society, who with the most scrupulous honesty, would forbear knowingly to rob their neighbour of a penny, who guard against all fraud in their transactions with the most circumspect minuteness, and yet have every nobler faculty of the soul so absorbed in the love of money, and the desire of acquiring it, as to be rendered thereby incapable of any generous effort—dead at once to the sufferings of humanity, and the cries of the distressed; this I believe to be the lower species of human degradation. And yet is there any man who hears me, but imagines that by the acquisition of large property and possessions, he would be rendered more happy than he at present finds himself, and some of what he esteems the cares of life, be thereby alleviated? Yet when vain man realizes these expectations, and the money he so eagerly sought after, becomes his own, the phantom of contentment still perches at a farther distance, attracting the fond pursuer in a more alluring form.

"Compell'd by steps unceasing to pursue,

Some fleeting good that mocks me with
the view,
That like the circle bounding earth and
skies,
Allures from far, yet as I follow, flies."

Do we not behold in all stations, worm-eating calumniators, like beasts of prey, prowling through all ranks for characters to feed on? Whose breath, more destructive than the adder's poison, ruin a character at every blast; dissecting the unguarded victim, with all the ingenuity of the carving knife; and fastening a tooth wherever admittance can be found. And yet should we in return analize their own conduct, it will be found diversified by no good action, from the cradle to the crutch. What can they be likened to? But (if my hearers will allow me the expression) a shamble's fly, which gluts itself with avidity on the corrupted part of the carcase, leaving unnoticed, the part that is sound.

Outwardly adorned with the robes of sanctity, when all within is of a midnight hue, whose jetty garments are of a snow-drop whiteness, compared to the still more blackened dye of their abandoned hearts. Is this religion? Is this charity? Wretches with opened bibles, and locked up bowels. Words are but the leaves, actions are the fruit of religion, and if the gown I wear is the only emblem of mine, I am of being esteemed the minister of God, unworthy of the charge I bear.

Do we not behold the rising generation, idle, ignorant, uninstructed, illiterate—born to the first ranks of society—destined for the first situations in life—unfit for any—men who rise to vice and debauchery, and lie down to sleep with infamy—Illustrious idlers, born like gaudy insects, to buz awhile upon the earth, and then expire. Where then amid such general depredation, can we hope for amendment, or where shall we strive to stem this torrent of corruption? Where but in the very bud of life, and by rocking our infants in the cradle of religion. At length then let us seclude them from the world—let us seclude them from the pollution of these corrupted times. I again address you on behalf of female orphans—again you behold me the advocate of the little ones. Snatched from the cold bed of poverty and famine—transplanted to the vernal sunshine of purity and virtue, your bounty has infused the divine sparks of religion into their minds. I know you will not prove deficient in carrying into effect what you have so liberally begun.—Alas! but if you are truly charitable—why does charity require an advocate? Why so many and repeated solicitations to wear a melancholy subject to the bone? It is false charity which requires stimulation, which is seen to sink with exhausted capacity, nay lower than the very ebb of human feelings, from the selfish apprehension of having been once imposed on; a

transient gleam which expiring soon, contracts more strongly the prevailing darkness.—Would I could excite that true charity, that living flame, which would burn to the root of all our sufferings! yet much I acknowledge has been already done, it were ungrateful to deny the liberality of your bounty, for hundreds of orphans are relieved at your hands. But yet are not the doors of our charity still blocked up with supplicants imploring admittance? Are not there myriads of victims, cast upon the world unfriended and unprotected, compelled to seek refuge from famine in the arms of infamy, whom the money which is nightly squandered at the gaming-table would have rendered the most invaluable blessings of society, and ornamental members of the state.—But let us hasten from this unpleasing subject.

'Tis on behalf of woman that I now address you; woman, the most noble or debased of creatures, the most invaluable blessings of human society, or the most severe scourge of almighty visitation. We behold her when uncorrupted, like an household divinity, leading her tender offspring in the paths of virtue and innocence, instilling the rudiments of religion into their dawning minds, instructing them as they advance in the articles of faith, guarding them by her precepts against the wickedness of the world, encouraging them by her example to purity and honour.

## EXTRAORDINARY
## *GERMAN IMPOSTOR.*

"And oft the mighty necromancer boasts,
"With these to call from tombs the stalking ghosts."

DRYDEN.

A man named Schropfer was for a long time waiter in a coffee house at Leipzig, and nobody observed any thing extraordinary in him. He disappeared of a sudden, and it was not till several years after that he again made his appearance at Leipzig, in the character of the Baron Schropfer. He took a large house, hired a great number of servants, and puffed himself off as a SAGE, to whom al nature, and even the world of spirits, were subject.

By pompous promises of splendid discoveries, he allured a multitude of credulous people, and pupils thronged to him from all quarters. Some actually expected to learn things of him that cannot be acquired at any University; others were delighted with the table he kept. He frequently received by posts large parcels, addressed to Baron Schropfer. Several bankers received orders to pay him large sums. He spoke of his secrets, which he pretended to have learned in Italy, with a seductive eloquence; and he showed people the spirits and shadows of their deceased acquaintances.—When he had heated the imagina-

tion of his hearers—"Come and see," he cried to all who were inclined to doubt; they came and actually saw shadows, and various terrible sights, which made the hair of timorous persons stand on an end. It must be observed, that his warmest adherents were not men of learning, or such as were accustomed to logical deductions; for people who placed more reliance on their understanding than on their senses, would not at all suit Schropfer's purpose. Thus his pupils consisted entirely of noblemen and merchants, who were totally ignorant of the sciences. He exhibited the wonders of his art to others, but he taught them to none, and at last he only performed his miracles at home, in private apartments, prepared for the purpose. Amongst others Mr. M. came in company with his friends to Schropfer, to see his apparitions. He found a great number of guests there before him, who were incessantly plied with punch. M. refused to drink any thing, but Schropfer pressed him very much to drink at least a glass, which M. as firmly refused. At length they were all conducted into a large hall, hung with black cloth, the window-shutters of which were closed. Schropfer placed the spectators together, and drew a circle round them, beyond which he strictly enjoined them not to stir. At the distance of a few paces, a small altar was erected, on which burned spirits; this cast the only light that illumined the room. Schropfer, uncovering his breast, threw himself on his knees before the altar. He held in his hand a large glistening sword, and prayed with a loud voice, and with such earnestness and warmth, that M. who had come with the intention of unmasking the impostor, and the imposture, felt in his heart a pious awe, and sentiments of devotion. Fire flashed from the eyes of the supplicant, and his breast was powerfully agitated. He was to call the shadow of a well known character lately deceased. After having finished the prayer, he called the ghost with the following words:—"Oh! thou departed spirit, who livest in an immaterial world, and invisible to the eyes of mortals, hear the voice of the friends thou hast left behind, and who desire to see thee; leave, for a short time, thy new abode, and present thyself to their eyes."—Hereupon the spectators felt in every nerve a sensation similar to an electric shock—heard a noise like a rolling of thunder, and saw above the altar a light vapour, which grew thicker by degrees, till it assumed the figure of a man. However, M. observed that it was not a striking likeness of the deceased—The figure hovered over the altar, and Schropfer, pale as death, flourished the sword above his head. M. resolved to step out of the circle, and go to Schropfer; but the latter, perceiving his intention, rushed towards him, holding the sword to his breast, and crying with a terrible voice, "You

are a dead man, if you stir another step!" M. was so terrified at the dreadful tone in which Schropfer uttered these words, and at the glistening sword, that his knees shook under him. The shadow at length disappeared, and Schropfer was so fatigued, that he lay extended on the floor. The spectators were conducted into another room, where they were served with fruits. Many of the more sensible people went to Schropfer's house as to a theatre; they knew that his boasted art was nothing but imposture, yet they were delighted with the serious comedy which he performed.

This continued for some time; but Schropfer all at once got into debt with several trades-people of Leipzig, and unfortunately, of that class who did not wish to see his ghosts. The bankers would not advance him a penny; and the miserable magician, worked up to the highest degree of despair, shot himself through the head in the Rosenthal.* Nobody knows, to this day, how he got his money, and for what purpose he played off his phantasmagoria. *Lon. jap.*

* *A place in Leipzig.*

## *LONDON FASHIONS.*

FOR NOVEMBER.

Description of the prevaling Fashions for the month, as taken from minute observation by a lady of distinguished taste from real dresses; extracted from "La Belle Assembice; or Bell's Court and Fashionable Magazine," for the present month.

Although it is as yet considered too early for fashion to assume a determined character, yet many seasonable changes have taken place in the several degrees of female attire, and these we shall delineate with our accustomed fidelity. Pelisses and mantles of fine Vigonia cloth (an elegant and entirely noval manufacture of Spanish wool,) kerseymere, and double twilled figured sarsnet, are now introduced as appropriate and seasonable articles; and will probably blend with the velvet, which is generally distinguishable during the winter months, and whose richness, warmth and beauty must ever render it an article of much popular elegance. There is at present little of novelty in the construction of mantles and pelisses; we shall, however, take care to mention not only what is at this time considered most genteel and new, but shall notice also such as are likely to be in fashionable request during the winter.

The simple wrap pelisse will, from its ease and utility, be long ere it is exploded. The cardinal, or rustic mantle, recommends itself also from its convenience and warmth, and from the graceful negligence of its folds, when wrapt round the figure. The pilgrim's

cloak and bonnet, formed of a russet brown cloth, or morone kerseymere, comprises much ingenuity in its construction, and is well calculated to display to advantage a tall and graceful figure; but the most novel article in this line, is a plain coat of Vigonia cloth, of a pale olive, or bright green. This coat is made to sit close to the form, without any seam or opening in front; it buttons on one shoulder, somewhat like the high robe morning dress: but this junction, however, is hid by a short mantle of the complete Spanish form, which flows gracefully over the back, inclining towards that shoulder where the coat is fastened, but will wrap at pleasure round the form, and thus secures the chest from cold. In carriages, this mantle is sometimes wrought in a border of shaded chenille of well contrasted lines; in general, however, it is edged with a large silk cord or chain, the same colour as the coat and mantle. As the winter advances, these trimmings will doubtless give place to that of the more appropriate fur.

Large India shawls, or scarfs tastefully wrapt round the figure, are seen amidst the above mentioned out-door habiliments, while those of the fine Spanish silk are allowed to form a most graceful appendage to the evening party. We must, however, here remark, that much taste is required to produce that unstudied and graceful negligence, which alone can render these ornaments advantageous to their wearers.

Coloured and white muslins, together with shot or figured sarsnet India shawl robes, with those of gossamer satin, now constitute the several style of gowns; but these will doubtless soon give place in some degree to those formed of velvet, georgian, or Vigonia cloth, which latter article will most probably become a reigning favourite during the winter; in softness and warmth it resembles the texture of the Indian shawl; and its graceful pliability, as it waves round the figure, must render it a most becoming and acceptable article for train robes, which are now very generally attached to the evening or full dress. Plaid scarfs fancifully disposed, or short tunics to sit to the form, and worn over white crape, leno, or muslin round gowns, have a very animated and pleasing effect, and add to the gay variety which distinguishes the evening party.

The bosoms of robes now admit a great variety in their construction: some are formed in horizontal flutings or plaits, others with the peaked stomacher, somewhat like those of the ancients, but not of such glittering attraction. The plain round bias, or wrap front, is now more generally edged with a full chain, most curiously constructed, of the same material as the robe; but those females, to whom nature has dispensed a full

bust, will do well to reject this redundant ornament, and substitute a less obtruding finish—such as the simple cord, Indian ribband, Turkish chain of silver, or narrow border of tambour.

Caps variously constructed, either of lace, or muslin and needlework, with lace heading, generally form a part of the morning dress, and indeed many appear in these feminine ornaments, at dinner and evening parties; but when worn on these occasions, the formation must necessarily be more light and fanciful. The straw bonnet, of the close cottage, or mountain form, trimmed with narrow bands and bows of bright morone, or amber coloured ribband, are adopted as an appropriate shelter for our fair pedestrians at this season; and indeed some few large Gipsey hats, with flat crowns, and full edges of fancy floss, tied across with coloured handkerchiefs of silk, intermingle with the gay diversity which marks the multitude at this unsettled season. Fur caps are introduced at many of our fashionable marts, but they are certainly an article by far too early displayed, and only adapted for the winter months; when they may not only be considered as appropriate and seasonable, but stylish and becoming.

Except in full dress, gloves are left entirely to individual choice; but pale colours in French kind, we think, have lately succeeded to the York tan, and Limerick of universal adoption. The most fashionable colours for the season, are bright morone, and amber spots, grass-green, purple, and scarlet.

---

The following orders are exactly copied from the originals, which were lately sent to the Parish Clerk, in a village in Hertfordshire. His name is Jeremy:—

"Mistr. Gemery, mi weif is dede an wantes to bee burid. Digg a graiv for hir an shee shal com to bee burid termorrer at wunner cloke.—You knwo ware to digg itt bi mi uthre weif. le it bee dip."

"I pulish the barns of marrage betwne James Soul & Sarah Simmons both in this parrick, if any wun just cause impenementy thes tow porsens shud not be joined to geather are now to declair it." *Lon. jnp.*

---

At the Old Baily, in London, after the Recorder had passed sentence of transportation upon the women convicts, before they left the bar, one exclaimed, that she cared not, for he had now done his worst, and the whole party left the bar, and began singing "*Big Bow Wow*," which was heard in full chorus until they were out of earshot.

The following rules have been given by the critics, in referrence to the languages of Europe. If you would address the Deity, make use of *Greek*, or *Latin*, for their antiquity, purity and majesty—if to kings, speak *Spanish*, it is slow and grave—if to men, *Italian*—to women, *French*—to dogs *Welsh*—but if you would affright an *enemy*, or the *Devil himself*, make use of *High Dutch*.

---

Of all the human characters on earth, those carrying two *faces*, are the most intolerable. These, in your presence, will flatter, profess warm fsiendship, admire your walk through life, tell of your kindness, your respectability, the good name you have, in compasison to many others, your good sense, your beauty, the many noble actions you have performed, and indeed, they will raise you up to the heavens.—When in your absence, they will represent you as hideous, and paint you out in the very worst colours. Such are one half of those who profess to be friends.—Be cautious with persons, before you know they do not belong to the number of clandestine deceivers.

---

*Epitaph on a Mr. Sharp,*
*A Musician.*

THIS is to let each passing stranger know,
That Johnny Sharp lies FLAT below.

MATRIMONY.

Tho' many folks say that wedlock's a curse,
Three wives I have taken, for better, for worse;
The first for her person, the next for her purse,
The third for a warming-pan, doctress, and nurse.

---

MARRIED,

*On Friday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Lyell, captain James Cullum, to Miss Catharine Houghton, both of this city.*

*On Monday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Joshua Dower, Esq. of Preston, Connecticut, to Miss Sarah Fathbone, daughter of Mr. John Kathbone, of this city.*

*On Sunday evening last, at Jamaica, L. I. by the rev. Mr. Faitoote, Mr. David Lamberson, merchant, to Miss Ann Furman, both of Jamaica.*

*On Monday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. John Swan, to Miss Agnes Lincoln, both of this city.*

*By the rev. Mr. Whitlock, of Norwalk, Mr. Andrew Kellogg, of Troy, to Miss Hannah Hoyt, of New-Canaan, Conn.*

DIED,

*At Norfolk, Mrs. Tamer Wakefield, wife of capt. Geo. Wakefield.*

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

The following lines, by Miss Owenson, were scribbled on a tablet amidst the sombre but interesting ruins of Sligo Abbey.

## THE TOMB.

"*To this complexion must we come at last.*"

And must I, ghastly guest of this dark dwelling,
Pale senseless tenant! must I come to this?
And must this heart congeal, now warmly swelling,
To woe's soft langour, rapture's melting bliss:

And must this pulse that beats to joy's gay measure,
(Throbbing with bloomy health!) this pulse lie still?
And every sense alive to guileless pleasure?
Resist, oh transport! thy warm vital thrill!

And must each sensient feeling too decay,
(Each feeling anguish'd by another's sorrow)
This form, that blushes youth and health to-day,
Lie cold and senseless thus, like thee, to-morrow?

Terrific death! to shun thy dreaded power,
Who would not brave existence' direct strife?
But that beyond thy dark shade's gloomy bow'r
*Faith* points her vesta to eternal life!

## I COULD NOT HELP IT—NO, NOT I.

A Plague upon the men, I say!
They'll never leave poor girls alone!
E'er teazing, teazing night and day,
'Till they have won us for their own.
And yet that women love the men,
'Tis surely folly to deny,
For nine will answer out of ten,
*I cannot help it—no, not I.*

I told young Edward t'other day,
I never would become a bride:
But sure he took a certain day,
To tell me truly, that I lied!
First with a kiss he stop'd my breath,
And softly said—"*Sweet creature, why?*"
And though he squeez'd me 'most to death,
*I could not help it—no, not I.*

Well, what d'ye think at last I said,
I never shall forget, I swear!
"I tell you plain, I'll never wed;
"So teaze me now sir if you dare!"
But oh! he kiss'd me then so sweet,
And look'd so charming in my eye!
I vow'd at church the youth to meet;
*I could not help it—no, not I.*

## *THE BALL.*

Yes, Arthur, I was at the ball,
I danced with some and talked with many;
But found no heartfelt charm in any,
Alike indifferent to all;

Nor needed what they said to me,
For all my thoughts were fixed on thee

Yes, Arthur, I was dress'd with care,
Not last among the *belles* appearing;
But did not meet thy smile endearing—
But did not hear thee call me fair;
And flattery has no charm for me,
Unless I'm flatter'd, love, by thee.

Yes, many sought my ear to gain,
Among th' insipid sons of fashion:
Some vow'd, and feign'd, or felt a passion;
Some spoke of long-dissembled pain;
But all their cares were lost on me,
My heart is all engross'd by thee.

Yes, Arthur, one, I freely own,
Tho' all his brother beaus were teasing,
I thought most eloquent and pleasing,
And listen'd but to him alone;
The magic charm he had for me,
Was, Arthur—that he spoke of thee.

That darling theme can never tire,
The only one I hear with pleasure,
In lonely absence all my treasure—
It can a very fool inspire:
And life has no concern for me,
Except the care of pleasing thee

AMANDA.

## The Soldier's song of Death.

*By Burns.*

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies;
Now gay with the broad setting sun;
Farewell, love and friendship, the dear tender ties;
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the poor peasant—he sinks in the dark;
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark,
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honor—our swords in our hands,
Our freedom and country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands—
O! who would not die with the brave!

## *THE EYE.*

Magic, wonder-beaming eye!
In thy narrow circle lie,
All our varied hopes and fears,
Sportive smiles and graceful tears!
Eager wishes, wild alarms!
Rapid feelings, potent charms!
Wit and genius, taste and sense,
Shed thro' thee, their influence!
Honest index of the soul,
Nobly scorning all control,
Silent language, ever flowing;
Every secret thought avowing;
Pleasure's seat, love's favorite throne,
Every triumph is thy own!

TERMS OF THE MISCELLANY.

To be delivered to city subscribers at *one dollar* a volume, *to be paid for at the conclusion of the volume.* Persons residing out of this city, *to pay in advance.*

*PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY*
EDWARD WHITELY,
No. 46 Fair-street—New-York.

End

year

1808

d of

ear

808